What He Does

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Characters:	Bedelia Du Maurier, Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
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by orphan_account

Summary

Bedelia know what her husband does when he's not with her.

Notes

For visuals:
Hannibal: https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/236x/11/10/ae/1110ae98d5762c53a5f0ed01ce1a3e94.jpg
Will: http://65.media.tumblr.com/9f567896c0369610a78b1108ed60b2ad/tumblr_inline_n3o92yAtzG1qiz7ya.jpg
Bedelia: http://cdn-01.belfasttelegraph.co.uk/news/uk/article34332341.ece/47f79/AUTOCROP/w620/2016-01-04_new_15800707_I3.JPG

See the end of the work for more notes

Bedelia is a smart woman. Smart enough to pick up on the clues her husband may or may not have left on purpose. She knew they hadn't married out of love as much as they did for convenience, but she had thought that perhaps there was *something* there. Something small that they could work on and build. And she had definitely been expecting loyalty. Unfortunately her husband ran his own schedule, and cared not for Bedelia's agenda or expectations.

The first time she came home to see the little brat in Hannibal's kitchen was a shock. Hannibal never let anyone in his kitchen, much less whiny teenagers. The sight immediately set off alarms in her head. She had learned the boy's name (Will), age (17), and occupation (a volunteer at the hospital where Hannibal worked) that night. He stayed for dinner, all the while passing shy glances at her husband.

The clues came soon after.

First it was the cologne. Something cheap and strong, something Hannibal would never wear. Then the red marks on the back of his thighs. And the way his hair was mussed when he came from work. Or how he was always less tense on Wednesdays, Fridays, and the weekends. She would stare at him unashamedly with a question in her eyes, and he would smile back with smug glint in his.

And so it went.

However; today was the day she could take no more. She had come home, expecting to find a peaceful place to rest her head, when she heard a smash from upstairs. Immediately, she ran towards the kitchen to grab a knife, as Hannibal had instructed her to do should there ever be an intruder.

She silently crept up the stairs to the master bedroom, weapon at her side. What she saw was unexpected, but sadly not surprising.

There was her husband and that little... *homewrecking whore,* in their bed. The bed that she slept in was being used for infidelity and betrayal. Her body locked into place, she continued to watch in furious silence as the stupid little boy writhed and moaned high, breathy noises under her husband.

Her husband, whose thrusts became more and more brutal with each moment.

Her husband, who growled in response each time his name was whined.

Her husband, who undoubtedly knew she was there as a malicious smirk crept it's way onto his face and he whispered "Louder, Will".

And oh, did the twitchy little twink become louder.

She ran down the stairs and out the front door, knife still in her hand as she headed towards her husbands beloved Bentley.

End Notes

This is my first fic so maybe let me know what you think? :) I also don't have a beta btw
Twitter: twitter.com/DESUS_RISING

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